UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO PUBLISHERS. TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT ST. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1220

Original Poetry.

"ALAS! THE END IS NOT YET."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY REV. LAURA JANE HANSON.

No Yet—Ah Hope, that ever thy kindest voice
Whisk hide me cruel weary ah! was in regret,
And look for morning, when all shall have joys,
Should with us could bind that sad No Yet.

And still, Dear Comforter, thy words are sweet
As breezes laden with the breath of flowers;
They come so kindly to my lone retreat,
And soothe to sit, but yet my heart is eaten.

For, while I listen to the blessed lay
From sorrow's fount, the bitter waters swell,
And wave with grief that woman may not tell
I've seen the living waters flowing free
For temples, sacred grasses, and rose bowers,
And many others all have scented me.

But oh, to worship, and to sweet flowers,
But when with throbbing heart, and bounding feet
To make these treasures mine, I, weakly tried,
Cold Disappointment with a frown, Hope's foe!
Stood in my path, and turned my feet aside.

In contentious pride I've wrestled with the ills
That waste my soul's life in the waves of life.
But tears unsung, indeed haunt my footsteps still,
And I am weary of their troubles rife.

Yes! I am weary with the weariness
Which ceases to lay the strong and wounded breast
In wild and drear chamber, where the wind moans
From troubling, where the weary are at rest.

Original Tales.

PAYING THE MINISTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"How much will you subscribe towards the support of a minister, Mr. Jones?" asked one of the leaders of the new church in P——.

"Me! Well, I don't know. How much ought I to subscribe?"

"You must be the judge of that."

"But do you think we are able to support a minister?"

"If we try, I think there will be no difficulty."

"How much will it require?"

"Mr. Mitchell, whom we talk of calling, has a wife and three children. He ought to have at least seven or eight hundred dollars a year, don't you think so?"

"I don't know. That, it strikes me, is pretty liberal. There are a great many in the congregation who live on far less."

"Yes, for instance, Mr. Jones."

"This was said with a good-natured smile, although the worthy man meant that it should have its effect upon the mind of Mr. Jones, who was in very easy circumstances, and lived at a cost of at least two thousand a year. Mr. Jones felt the bearing of what was said, and did not relish it too well. But he turned it off with affected indifference.

"I don't know," he said, however, a little seriously. "that I should like to see better than a man who can come to a new place and do just what mine is."

"Nor do I, Mr. Jones. I think you and I and all of us should provide for our families according to the means that God has placed in our hands. And we should not be called to do altogether unmindful of others. In the duties we owe to our families we should not forget the duties we owe to the church. One of the first is the provision for worship on the Lord's day, which includes the comfortable support of one set apart to minister in holy things."

"That is all very true, and I perfectly agree with you," rejoined Mr. Jones. "But now, I am always ready and willing to do my part. Well, what do you think I ought to give?"

"I am unwilling to suggest in part. Well, what do you think I ought to give?"

"As before said, that is a matter for you to determine."

"How much is already subscribed?"

"About four hundred dollars."

"Have many more to call upon?"

"No. We have been around among nearly all the members who are able to do any thing. We look to you, therefore, to do something handsome."

"Oh, dear! I can't do much. I have so many calls, and such an expensive family. My two daughters' schooling costs me a world of money."

"Well, Mr. Jones, you must do the best you can. That is a matter for you to decide in the presence of Him from whom you have received all the good things you enjoy."

"Let me see! Really, I don't know what to say. I can give—I think about two—how much—yes I think I might strain a point, and say thirty dollars a year."

"Thirty dollars. Very well, Mr. Jones, we will put you down for thirty dollars." This was said in a disappointed tone.

"Don't you think that a liberal for me?"

"Perhaps it is—you know best."

"You expected more from me?"

"I don't like to ought to expect more from you than you feel able to give. But, I don't see, clearly, how we are going to make up enough to offer Mr. Lemman. He will have a family, and it will take at least seven hundred dollars to meet all the expenses of his family. We ought to have a minister, and in the duty of those who have the means, to provide religious instruction on the Lord's day for themselves and those who have not the ability to do so. And, in making this provision, it would not be done niggardly, nor with reluctant feelings. It should come from an affection for the truth, and be the spontaneous offering of hearts grateful to the Giver of all Good for his many blessings."

"Certainly—certainly! That is true, All the good things we possess come from above, and we should be devoutly thankful for them. I am sure that I am. You are afraid that it will be difficult to make up enough to offer Mr. Lemman?"

"I am, indeed. And I don't think you ought to be the case, I should regret it most deeply. For one, I am prepared to go to any length to accomplish the most desirable object."

"And so am I," rejoined Mr. Jones. "And to show you that I am, I will make my subscription fifty dollars per annum. That, I am sure, you will think liberal."

"It is, Mr. Jones, and I am glad you can make up your mind to do so. Depend upon it, you will get repaid a hundred fold in this life."

Mr. Jones having subscribed his name for the amount specified, the venerable man departed to see his further about the matter.

A man of about thirty-three was sitting some two weeks after the occurrence of the incidents just related, in a small neat room, in which was a coal stove well filled with books. It was towards the close of day. He was writing at a table. While thus engaged, his wife entered. She had a quiet, thoughtful air, and a countenance full of chastened beauty—the beauty of pure affections, beaming forth from every well formed feature. She held a letter in her hand which she presented to her husband.

"From P——," he said. "Ah, let me see!" their conclusion."

He broke the seal and read.

"Why, I declare! exclaimed," calmly said the wife, as her husband finished reading the letter.

"They offer us five hundred and fifty dollars, and say that it is the best they can possibly do."

There was a slight change in the expression of the wife's face. To say that her countenance fell, would not give the exact truth. Evidently, however, she was disappointed at the contents of the letter, but it was that kind of disappointment which is felt by those who have a firm trust in Providence, and who are ready at all times—Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

"I don't see how we are going to live on that sum, and educate our children," the husband said, after a pause of some moments.

"How every thing is higher than in P——," and we find it very difficult to live on four hundred and fifty dollars. Our rent is nearly eighty dollars a year, there it will be at least one hundred and fifty dollars, and perhaps two hundred.

"But are there not public schools in P——?"

"True. There is need not cost us anything for the education of our children. But you know that the Primary and High Schools of P—— are conducted with care and ability, and that all children can be thoroughly instructed in the branches of education, even to the classics."

"Then we will save as much in this way as will make up the additional rent, and I think the increase of one hundred dollars in your salary will enable me, with economy, to meet our expenses to which we are not now subjected."

"I am not so sanguine, Mary. Every thing is a large city will cost us more than it does here. We shall all have to wear better clothing, and furnish our house in a more expensive style than we do now in P——."

"How can you talk of style, Edward?" said the wife, half smiling, half serious, "a minister's family can have little to do with style."

"Not if it be as poor as my family is," was the answer. "But it is absolutely necessary for a minister to make an appearance corresponding, in some degree, to the condition of his congregation, or else he will appear singular and lose his influence over them. Our old-fashioned, nearly worn-out furniture, that in your father's house fits seem a while genteel, will not look very attractive in the eyes of city people. A portion of it will have to be replaced by articles of more modern appearance. We must have a new parlor carpet, and new chairs, at least, and they will cost a dollar more than we have in store for such a purpose."

"You don't think of accepting the call, then?"

"As to that, Mary, I hardly know what to say. Evidently, the people don't like my preaching here. They are kind enough to me, but I can't make them understand me. They want some one better able to adapt himself to their tastes. I should like to see better than a much better field, and, the fact that I have received a call from there seems conclusive that I am in the will of Divine Providence that I should go there."

"But has seemed to me, If I was to consult my own feelings, I would not go. I am not of the kind, simple minded people, that go among strangers, where I can expect little sympathy and less love. They are hard enough to me. But I may be mistaken. Our duty is plain. It

as to see him pleasing, and whistling, and pommering away, it really did my heart good. I heard Jo tell so much about Parker that I really began to think he was not so bad after all. But then you know Zeke, and if you don't you'll find out, that what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh.

Well—the house was all done, and the front yard sodded and fixed, and we'l cut the bushes off last year with a new hook, and just piled them from my rosebushes down, and set out a hollock and a snowball tree each side of the door, and planted the garden with sarse. Nobody lived in the house yet, but every body thought they knew who was going to; and nobody but Parker had. Jo was all ready to be married, and would be out published the very next Sunday. The paint was dry and the roof on the house, and the furniture was pretty much in-side that you know Tekla, was the wife's look out, that was to be, and she hadn't been idle while Jo was saving the whole years of his apprenticeship, I warrant.

Well, one morning Jo and I were just coming out of the house—it was then just a year, or somenot in a day, since his first house blew down. We'd been in and took a look over, to see how things would fadge, and to find out what we wanted. Father's wagon stood at the gate all ready, and your father was a holding the horse. Squire Parker came bowing and grinning along, and bowed to me, and bid Mr Haskell good morning. I reckon I looked clean up behind the ears, for Parker looked so funny at me, and there we were, both going to ride over to the next town together, to buy my best chairs and things—and being published to be married and all—I declare—I never—her well there. It's all passed now.

I don't see how I come to tell this story, Ezekiel—I never have mentioned it before for many a year—and I don't justly know how to end, now I've begun. [Father gave a sigh here, for he'd been fairly awake now for a good while. Mother rimmed her specks and looked right steady into the fire, and Aunt Sally rested her head on her hands a minute. The wind whistled more sonesome than ever round the house, and Aunt Sally after a shudder, began again.] As I was saying, your father held the horse, and Squire Parker, he took to a little aside. I didn't think that was handsome, for there hadn't ought to have been any secrets between us—but I says nothing. Parker was standing back to us—bowing to Jo, and pawing and fiqueting with his hands—so that I could see he was laying down the law about something. The horse pawed and chawed the bit, and I says out to Jo to make haste, and finish his business, when he came back. Parker he bowed and trotted off, and I says then—well I've been and fixed myself off! Sally," says he, "we might as well put up the horse." "Well," says I, "that's pretty well too—when I've been and fixed myself off! up; and you ought to be ashamed!" Poor Joseph! how many, many times, I've cried to think I said that to him. He never answered a word—but asked your father to take the horse home, and then he took my arm in his's, and we walked right over to your father's house, I in a wonderment all the time what it could mean.

Joseph sent me to the door, and then he was going away. "Joseph Haskell," says I, "do you come in." Well, he did, but not right down in a chair and didn't open his head. "You didn't I think of that dirty villain Parker!" I knowed just as well as could be that it was all of his doing. Father come in, and asked me what was the matter, and he up and told, more than ever I knew before. He said that Parker told him when his frame blowed down, that he never should want for money, and as the cunning lawyer come up a mortgage on the land, and all the buildings standing on it, and then he gate Joseph as much money as he wanted. I can remember as well as yesterday how now the new bills looked that Joseph had, and how I knew him all my silver change for some of them, to keep. He told in what kind on a house to build, and I often thought, and told him that Squire Parker couldn't take more interest in the house if he was going in live in it himself. "And now," says Jo says he, "he says the year is up and he shall foreclose on me to morrow."

Father—that was your grandther Zeke—he drew a chair up square, pulled up his farm freak, pushed both hands down into his breeches pockets, and sat and thought. "Haskell," says he, "Parker never shall have that house." Jo's eye brightened up in a minute, I tell you. Then father went on—"Do you go on, just as you was doing, get your things, and be married next Sunday night. He can't get you out under a year, I know enough law for that." I was for jumping at this at once—but a woman can't always speak what she thinks, Zeke, if she could—why—Here Aunt Sally fairly give over for a minute or two.]

Joseph said he couldn't think of taking a wife into a new house, to be turned out in a year. He said the house was'n't justly done neither; and he never should have the heart to finish it up, for another to steal from him. "Well," says father, "then I'll tell you what you do. You you just throw a saddle on Ball, ride right over to brother Abcen's, tell him the story, and we'll see you out between us."

No sooner said than done. It was pretty well into the day then, and Joseph, he didn't jet grass giver under his horse's heels, I warrant. He said he'd be back that night I know, with good news or bad: and I took off my best things, and tried to go about the work as if nothing had happened. Feike Propped in to tea, and I mixed up some short cake, and showed em my wedding cake, and they give me a turn on the shares. I was fixing, and fixing every whit married folks, they puked and sighed, and remembered their own, and I'm sure they wished Joseph and me happy enough, but they were justly on them. I wasn't sorry I promised yes, when I fighted and tried to get straight through the house, and not look at nor, see nothing, but see couldn't. Blue chimed her apron up to her eyes with both hands and burst right out a crying, and run out of the house. Before I could get over it and what was the meaning of all this Master Williams came in, and—

Aunt Sally she couldn't hold out any longer. She took a sniff of up nearly a crying as if her heart would break, and father he was touched a good bit too. The rest of the story I know before. Poor Joseph Haskell found the next morning, with his head in a brook, and his left shot the wrong. He right arm was broke in two places, and one side of his face was all skinned by dragging on the ground. The horse had got pulled up by the stirrup leather catching in the fence. The saddle had slipped almost under his belly and he had stumbled till he could just reach the grass by the side of the road, and was picking and nibbling, just as if he had been only hitched to a post. Ever since, they have called that little bridge over the brook, Gallows Barnes.

It's a gloomy looking place, enough. On both sides of the road, they've set out weeping willows, and I never see the long branches swinging and waving now, but I think of poor Joseph Haskell. Those that found the body, carried him up over the hill, and found just at the top, a big tree split by lightning. It was that flash that frightened the horse, and sent poor Joseph into eternity. His hair was floating on the current when they found him; and turned into a weed, and he was buried out in that but his face, though swelled and enmashed, wasn't at much disfigured, but you could see the bright in it, with which he went out of this world.

The very house we live in, is the one Jo Haskell built. Since the death of Parker, they have it; and he didn't; for the old gentleman took up the mortgage as next of kin, and give sigh and low on the same deed. Aunt Sally. It was a long time before she could be cramed to go into it though.

As to the swamp Parker, he soon discovered that Jonesville was a very illiterate and low neighborhood, and moved out. The last that was heard of him, he made tracks out of a town off South, to avoid a ride out on a rail. I might write more, but dare say you have heard enough already. I'm a fyer myself, I know that all the profession won't think themselves pictured in this leal one, by

Yrs to serve,

EZEKIEL JONES, of Jonesville.

P. S. We had a nice time on the day of Thanksgiving. Would you like to hear about it?

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the premiums below.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Now that Congress is assembled—and the President's Message has been received—and Secretary Washington Letter Writers have recovered and their lucubrations—and the annuals are all published—and the bills receivable are all made out—and the bills payable are about to be—and the first snow-storm is over due (it may be over-paid before the reader sees this) and the Almanac says a cool fingers tingle assent—under all these concurrent circumstances of testimony, we think, it may fairly be presumed that Winter has actually set in.

And a busy winter, if we may judge from present indications, it promises to be for the newspapers and news-mongers. To day's budget of intelligence is various enough, and in many particulars is painfully interesting. The week's mails have been prolific of intelligence, foreign and domestic, to all of which we have endeavored to do justice in the proper places. If some of it bodes stormy weather, we must remember that many more ominous portents than those have passed harmlessly over. It is a peaceable opinion, that this generation will see no war between the United States and Mexico, or between the United States and any other country. The fashion of settling disputes between different civilized nations with gunpowder has gone out of date. The safe surgical method of annoying each other by laws, enactments and ordinances, has come into force. Grim visaged war, hath smoothed his rugged front, and diplomacy has borrowed martial moustaches. As has been very aptly remarked in a recent publication, the war of cannon is superseded by the war of tariffs.

If nations will quarrel, this is altogether the best way of doing it. Disputes about rights between nations by diplomatic bits and counter bits, is analogous to the squabbling of individuals in law: and as a law of between two men is an improvement upon the adjustment of a quarrel by fisticuffs, so is the mode of discussion adopted by modern nations a happy advance in civilization, upon the old method of fighting and burning and devastating fire, and ensanguining fisticuffs.

Congress can hardly be expected to effect much until after the holidays, as each day's record admonishes it that its power is all precedent. It naturally requires some time for the members to get all snug about them in their domicils, and it needs the same time to become prepared for the work of the session, and to underward each other. There are, however, only a few days more of the short session remaining, and whatever is done, must be done quickly. Mr. Polk, the President elect, is expected, according to some accounts, to reach Washington about the middle of next month. Whether he will call an extra session of Congress upon his inauguration or not, has not yet entered into the political speculations of the quadrumvirs—but the probabilities are strongly against any such supposition.

On our outside, this day, we will found a practical sketch by T. S. Arthur, Esq.—written in that gentleman's usual graphic and natural vein. It offers a valuable lesson—not in the matter of paying "Ministers' money—but in favor of prompt and early settlement of all debts. He gives twice, who gives quickly—and, on the same principle, he pays twice who pays at once—and that he pays double who pays at once—and that, too, without any sacrifice to himself. The practice of the world is so different from this—half the distress which occurs in this world would be prevented, if this maxim were remembered and acted on.

For the rest of the matter upon the outside, we refer the reader to the articles themselves. We have certainly a goodly variety, and if one shade more than another preponderates to day, we shall later to restore the balance in our next. The decision of Judge Kane, in the Saturday Post, thanks to our numerous subscribers and friends, is one of pleasant present encouragement—but the "glory" of it, we are sorry to say, belongs not to us. We have only to look upon the present volume, under an encouraging auspices as ever attended the opening of any volume, to feel the encouragement.

THE NOTE FORGERS.

Great excitement has been caused among the bankers and others in Europe, by a process for counterfeiting bank notes, which defies detection. It would appear by recent accounts that the business was not very largely entered into—that is, if we may credit the confessions of the rogues. Four men have been arrested charged with the crime. Their names are Schaffer, printing press manufacturer, Philadelphia; and James Watson, (father and son,) brewers and coal-factors, and David Hughes, spirit dealer, all of Scranton. On the last day of the examination Bennett made a full confession, and gave a statement of their operations. He said they commenced forging in May, 1844, being the sole originator of the proceedings. The two Watsons joined him, and the plate from which the notes were printed was engraved by the electro-magnetic process, with the exception of the managing of the name—the name of the person entering the date, and the numbers, which were afterward supplied by the party. Forty of the notes were printed, but only twenty were put in circulation.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The laying down of magnetic telegraphs for the instantaneous transmission of news, is not peculiar in this country. The Journal des Debats states that a telegraph, so Mr. Faraday's plan, has been attached to the Tunnel railroad, which lies between Monte and Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the extent of which is about sixteen French leagues.

HOLIDAY HOMILY.

Christmas and New Year's are at the door; and they are anniversaries at which the heart of the most ascetic, and the hand of the most miserly must open. Sympathy with the great human family, though the cause of life, and the perpetuities of business may so much lock up the better affections in ordinary seasons, will not be denied its sunlight and its shower at the holiday season. And human pride, though it walk on stilts eleven cubits high, will not be proof against the humility slippers in December, and acknowledge that of coin that all the nations of the earth are one, and have blood vocalize in the veins of all the great family.

Holidays are democratic. They put the rich and the poor on the same footing. We were going to write that the rich and poor stand on the same platform—but the former goes up Rank and place are distinctions of the head, and of the fancy. They depend upon the imaginations, and where all are equal in creating a common jubilee, on which all manner kind are interested, distinctions of mere fancy are laughed at.

But the division of rich and poor is written in characters more indelible. It is the difference between plenty and empty—it is the dividing line between those on the one hand, whose fastidious appetites and over-pampered constitutions require the liver wing, and the gravy waste,—come at last to the formula, which begs the rich to give that to the poor, or Heaven's sake, which they have so long denied to the poor for their own.

Open your hearts then—you of wealth! Mr. Dear Maiden—a word to you—you. You keepers. You have a cage or two—or more of canaries—and a pet dog or two, perhaps. You feed them yourself, or they are fed under your eye. In a literal sense, they derive from you their daily bread. What is your private opinion of that old parrot, which for the last half dozen years has been refused soup, because it is a creature that it is only fit to spend its days in a cage? Is it not plainly before the world. He, therefore, declines to withdraw the note.

The Mexican Minister replies with the utmost warmth. He treats the earlier part of Mr. Shannon's correspondence as being superseded and otherwise, justifies all that he has himself written, protests that the Mexican Government has done, and is doing, all that it can to prevent a rupture with the United States, but that affairs have reached such a crisis that it is only by the most vigorous measures that peace can be preserved. He, therefore, declines to withdraw the note.

The Mexican Minister at the United State at Jalisco, the capital of which is Guadalajara. Gen. Paredes appears to be at the head of the movement, which is officially and evidently regarded by the press and the officers of the Government as extremely serious. A singular circumstance is mentioned in the letter of Santa Anna, the "Provisional" President, is now giving orders to the "Constitutional" President, Santa Anna. The latter has received notice to place himself at the head of the troops concentrated at Jalappa, at once joyfully complies. He has issued his proclamation, in which he declares that a party of three or four days march from Mexico, and on the road to Guadalajara, there to operate with the army of reserve, which he might demand. Santa Ana put his troops at once in motion, and announces to head quarters that he has under his command 7,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 20 field pieces, all in the best kind of equipment.

A YANKEE HINT.

The history of the northern acts should receive more attention than it does from the general reader; and more would be paid to it, if people acquainted with its principal events are embraced in the subject. Among other curious facts in relation to the process of forming, for instance, it is contended by Mr. Gilroy, that the modern machines and processes are but reproductions of old ones. Nay that in documents that the ingenious and wonder-working spinning jennies, power-looms, &c., of our day ought rather to be considered discoveries than the first inventions, and that the rubbish of benighted centuries than new creations—that, while in some arts we are unquestionably superior, in others we are as indisputably inferior to the artisans of Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon—ages and ages before the Christian Era.

But the fact which we had in view when this notice was commenced, was that the peculiar oil of the Egyptian mummies was used by the adoption of a Yankee hint. Mr. Ebenezer Tisdale, of Lebanon, Ct., commenced the business making mummies at a factory about the year 1735. From Boston one of the scythes was sent to England, as remarkable for the manner in which he turned the grass. The scythes afterwards imported from England were made in the same style. For forty years Mr. Tisdale had the principal business, and about four hundred scythes. The prosecution of manufactures was forbidden to the colonies during the Revolution, and after seven years—per colonial improvements were found worth adoption.

OREGON.

The American population in Oregon—or to speak more definitely, the emigrant portion of it—has been published in the year to be supposed. It numbers, however, upwards of two thousand. They have formed for themselves a Government, with a Governor and Legislative officers, established Courts of Justice, and a Record Office of Land Titles, from the boundaries of which, a tract of land is to be laid out in due power to do good to one another.

The poor we have always with us," and attention to their claims is not a duty to be performed at one time and remitted at another. It is constant charity—as much as the prayers of any other Christian grace, or social virtue. But it is very proper to agitate the holiday season, as the renewed attention to this grace is of all duties—charity. And if there be any of our readers who have hitherto neglected the daily duty now is a good time to commence a course of daily performance.

Come then ye hitherto oblivious! Commence now with a payment of the heavy arrearages which have accumulated against you. Feel the hungry—clothe the naked—visit the poor and the afflicted. Are you seeking for repose in new and comfortable garments? Secure one the fashion of which never passeth away! Is it a new year that "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

IMPORTANT NEWS.

By arrivals at New York we have a confided account of the seizure of the Argentine squadron, by Captain Vandeusen, of the United States frigate Congress. It appears that a small Argentine vessel fired, by accident, carelessness or design, some shots into the American ship, the Rosalva. Capt. Voorhees then seized four of the Argentine vessels, one after another, pointing guns of his own ship, and broadside, and hoisting the American flag. It appearing afterward that the Argentine vessel which fired into the Rosalva was a vessel of the regular navy, and was not acting under its orders, Capt. Voorhees released all except the offending vessel, and he had fallen treated her. Angry protests were made, of course. We have yet no official documents, and lack Capt. Voorhees' version of the affair.

We have by this arrival the melancholy news of the death, by accident, of Capt. Newman, of the United States brig Bainbridge. It appears that one of the blockading vessels fired into the Bainbridge, on the way entering the harbor, supposing her to have been a merchantman violating the blockade. The Bainbridge not having received the signal, and there having had a Court Martial convened on board the Congress, to try Capt. Newman; and on his being reprimanded by order of Capt. Stuart, he jumped overboard and was drowned.

Another, and the most probable reason for the seizure of the Argentine squadron is that it was done on account of the firing into the Bainbridge, and that upon suitable representation to the Washington, or the vessels were released. It may have been that the Argentines fired into the Bainbridge in retaliation for the seizure of their fleet and vessel, and that Capt. Voorhees then proceeded to seize the squadron.

THE "TARNAL YANKEES."

We perceive that some of the many units of the Universal Yankee Nation are determined to pocket the cool cash of John Chinaman. A party of Down-east Yankees, with the cute business, have gone to Chusan, up the northern coast of China, to establish one houses, to supply Chinamen with Horses and other goods in barter, with "northern ice," cheaper than it can be shipped by the "outside barbarians" of Boston. Chusan is about 1,200 miles north of Canton.

SECOND CROP.

We have been shown some very respectable second crop, or harvest apples, the product of a tree on the farm of Robert Flayford, in Evesham Township, Delaware County, Pa. The first crop ripened on the first of August, and the tree took advantage of the pleasant autumn to see what it could do in the way of an encore.

MEXICO.

It appears that the American Minister to Mexico, Hon. Wilson Shannon, has received such treatment from the Mexican heads of Departments, that he declines to hold any official intercourse with the Mexican Government, until advised from Washington. The following is a brief synopsis of the correspondence:

"It would appear, that on the 21st ult., General Almonte delivered a letter to the Mexican Government, protesting against the proposed annexation of Texas to the United States, and especially against the manner in which the question was to be made. The Mexican Minister also placed emphasis in the voice of all the great family.

Holidays are democratic. They put the rich and the poor on the same footing. We were going to write that the rich and poor stand on the same platform—but the former goes up Rank and place are distinctions of the head, and of the fancy. They depend upon the imaginations, and where all are equal in creating a common jubilee, on which all manner kind are interested, distinctions of mere fancy are laughed at.

But the division of rich and poor is written in characters more indelible. It is the difference between plenty and empty—it is the dividing line between those on the one hand, whose fastidious appetites and over-pampered constitutions require the liver wing, and the gravy waste,—come at last to the formula, which begs the rich to give that to the poor, or Heaven's sake, which they have so long denied to the poor for their own.

Open your hearts then—you of wealth! Mr. Dear Maiden—a word to you—you. You keepers. You have a cage or two—or more of canaries—and a pet dog or two, perhaps. You feed them yourself, or they are fed under your eye. In a literal sense, they derive from you their daily bread. What is your private opinion of that old parrot, which for the last half dozen years has been refused soup, because it is a creature that it is only fit to spend its days in a cage? Is it not plainly before the world. He, therefore, declines to withdraw the note.

The Mexican Minister replies with the utmost warmth. He treats the earlier part of Mr. Shannon's correspondence as being superseded and otherwise, justifies all that he has himself written, protests that the Mexican Government has done, and is doing, all that it can to prevent a rupture with the United States, but that affairs have reached such a crisis that it is only by the most vigorous measures that peace can be preserved. He, therefore, declines to withdraw the note.

The Mexican Minister at the United State at Jalisco, the capital of which is Guadalajara. Gen. Paredes appears to be at the head of the movement, which is officially and evidently regarded by the press and the officers of the Government as extremely serious. A singular circumstance is mentioned in the letter of Santa Anna, the "Provisional" President, is now giving orders to the "Constitutional" President, Santa Anna. The latter has received notice to place himself at the head of the troops concentrated at Jalappa, at once joyfully complies. He has issued his proclamation, in which he declares that a party of three or four days march from Mexico, and on the road to Guadalajara, there to operate with the army of reserve, which he might demand. Santa Ana put his troops at once in motion, and announces to head quarters that he has under his command 7,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 20 field pieces, all in the best kind of equipment.

A YANKEE HINT.

The history of the northern acts should receive more attention than it does from the general reader; and more would be paid to it, if people acquainted with its principal events are embraced in the subject. Among other curious facts in relation to the process of forming, for instance, it is contended by Mr. Gilroy, that the modern machines and processes are but reproductions of old ones. Nay that in documents that the ingenious and wonder-working spinning jennies, power-looms, &c., of our day ought rather to be considered discoveries than the first inventions, and that the rubbish of benighted centuries than new creations—that, while in some arts we are unquestionably superior, in others we are as indisputably inferior to the artisans of Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon—ages and ages before the Christian Era.

But the fact which we had in view when this notice was commenced, was that the peculiar oil of the Egyptian mummies was used by the adoption of a Yankee hint. Mr. Ebenezer Tisdale, of Lebanon, Ct., commenced the business making mummies at a factory about the year 1735. From Boston one of the scythes was sent to England, as remarkable for the manner in which he turned the grass. The scythes afterwards imported from England were made in the same style. For forty years Mr. Tisdale had the principal business, and about four hundred scythes. The prosecution of manufactures was forbidden to the colonies during the Revolution, and after seven years—per colonial improvements were found worth adoption.

OREGON.

The American population in Oregon—or to speak more definitely, the emigrant portion of it—has been published in the year to be supposed. It numbers, however, upwards of two thousand. They have formed for themselves a Government, with a Governor and Legislative officers, established Courts of Justice, and a Record Office of Land Titles, from the boundaries of which, a tract of land is to be laid out in due power to do good to one another.

The poor we have always with us," and attention to their claims is not a duty to be performed at one time and remitted at another. It is constant charity—as much as the prayers of any other Christian grace, or social virtue. But it is very proper to agitate the holiday season, as the renewed attention to this grace is of all duties—charity. And if there be any of our readers who have hitherto neglected the daily duty now is a good time to commence a course of daily performance.

Come then ye hitherto oblivious! Commence now with a payment of the heavy arrearages which have accumulated against you. Feel the hungry—clothe the naked—visit the poor and the afflicted. Are you seeking for repose in new and comfortable garments? Secure one the fashion of which never passeth away! Is it a new year that "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

IMPORTANT NEWS.

By arrivals at New York we have a confided account of the seizure of the Argentine squadron, by Captain Vandeusen, of the United States frigate Congress. It appears that a small Argentine vessel fired, by accident, carelessness or design, some shots into the American ship, the Rosalva. Capt. Voorhees then seized four of the Argentine vessels, one after another, pointing guns of his own ship, and broadside, and hoisting the American flag. It appearing afterward that the Argentine vessel which fired into the Rosalva was a vessel of the regular navy, and was not acting under its orders, Capt. Voorhees released all except the offending vessel, and he had fallen treated her. Angry protests were made, of course. We have yet no official documents, and lack Capt. Voorhees' version of the affair.

We have by this arrival the melancholy news of the death, by accident, of Capt. Newman, of the United States brig Bainbridge. It appears that one of the blockading vessels fired into the Bainbridge, on the way entering the harbor, supposing her to have been a merchantman violating the blockade. The Bainbridge not having received the signal, and there having had a Court Martial convened on board the Congress, to try Capt. Newman; and on his being reprimanded by order of Capt. Stuart, he jumped overboard and was drowned.

Another, and the most probable reason for the seizure of the Argentine squadron is that it was done on account of the firing into the Bainbridge, and that upon suitable representation to the Washington, or the vessels were released. It may have been that the Argentines fired into the Bainbridge in retaliation for the seizure of their fleet and vessel, and that Capt. Voorhees then proceeded to seize the squadron.

THE "TARNAL YANKEES."

We perceive that some of the many units of the Universal Yankee Nation are determined to pocket the cool cash of John Chinaman. A party of down-east Yankees, with the cute business, have gone to Chusan, up the northern coast of China, to establish one houses, to supply Chinamen with Horses and other goods in barter, with "northern ice," cheaper than it can be shipped by the "outside barbarians" of Boston. Chusan is about 1,200 miles north of Canton.

SECOND CROP.

We have been shown some very respectable second crop, or harvest apples, the product of a tree on the farm of Robert Flayford, in Evesham Township, Delaware County, Pa. The first crop ripened on the first of August, and the tree took advantage of the pleasant autumn to see what it could do in the way of an encore.

POINT NO POINT.

Perhaps this conversational locative phrase was never better recalled than it was on the 4th of July last. On that day, as we learn from a letter from Point Pleasant, on officer of the United States frigate Mendocino, that vessel arrived at the port in the Atlantic ocean, where the meridian of those with crosses the Equator, and where, of course, latitude and longitude are best reckoned to nothing. At this grand starting point, Commodore Stockton Mendocino gave in honor of the old thirteen States.

A SMALL NEGOTIATION.

A late Paris paper says:—There are in Paris at present three Jews, who are known as the Rothschilds, namely: M. Magbeleen, Solomon and James Rothschild. Their meeting is said to be a remarkable one, and has given rise to speculation of the loan of 300,000,000 francs. They were all three received on the same day, and at short intervals, and it is said that the chief of the London house of Baring is also expected, and will arrive to-day.

TRIPLE "PUNCH."

The London "Punch"—a periodical from which we make frequent extracts, is said to have its pinguid and felonious staff from three Irishmen—Mark Lemon, Leman Rede, and Leman Blanchard, who, with Douglas Jerrold, are the proprietors.

THE CHINESE TREATY.

It is now stated that the treaty which Mr. Cushing negotiated in China, has not arrived, but that Mr. C will be the bearer of it himself. He is said, in the latest accounts, to be on his way home, via the Pacific and Mexico.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIVE.

LOCHS ACHRAY AND VENNACHAR—DOUNE—STIRLING.

Glasgow, August 5, 1844.

We have just arrived here from Stirling, and as we have much to see to-morrow, I will now write a letter to you, while I remember it. Last night I was at the Trossachs, a wild, lonely valley, green with grassy plains, and surrounded by lofty mountains. About half a mile from Loch Achray commences Loch Vennachar, a beautiful lake, three miles long. On the northern side, near the head, is Laurie Mead, the gathering place of Clan Alpine, and the hills along which the road winds, are the scenes of the disclosure of Roderick and his band to the Knight of Snowdoun. If I had the Lady of the Lake here, I would write the lines, descriptive of the scenery, as it is impossible to appreciate their graphic beauty without visiting the scenes themselves. On the hill is a cave of Ben Ledi, which was formerly frequented by the Druids. We saw many old walls and other remains of the Druids as we ascended the mountain, and in one place, near the road, was a circle of large stones, piled up in the manner of the Druids of old. Loch Achray lies at the foot of Ben Ledi, where they are said to have worshipped the sun, in a large mound or cairn, built by them. Loch Achray is very lofty and the Highlands has one of these cairns upon the summit, and they are not the least interesting features of the mountains. The hill at the end

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.

Postmasters are requested to fraud their letters addressed to us. The word "Post" is all that is necessary.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless Post paid or free.

Papers ordered will be only at the end of the current subscriber's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent banks will be received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep a remunerative credit. The special always give prompt and timely paid for.

Letters must always come free of postage at the Office reserved from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by Messrs. Hunter, Jos. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. W. Harrod, Jonathan, J. T. Dunn and R. J. Jennings.

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is authorized to act for us in Alabama and Georgia.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our Agents in Kentucky and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by Messrs. Jewett, Wheeler, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Dunn, and Henry Pratt.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

CHARLES S. SMITH is our Travelling Agent in Maryland.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilmerhoer.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL *Magazine*, for January 1846. A copy of this superb number has been furnished us in advance. It is really the most brilliant work we ever saw. We do not perceive how Mr. Peterson can ever again surpass himself. The mezzotint by Sartain, representing two sisters receiving a youth from departure, surpasses any thing we have seen, here or abroad, and illustrates a beautifully written story by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. The picture alone is worth double the subscription price of the book. Both in prose and poetry this is a most superb affair. We have only time to add that the contents of the number are Mrs. Sigourney—Anna, Osgood, Dinsmore, Orne, Preston, the author of "Crossing in the Last Wag," &c., &c. Terms $2 00 per annum, or three copies for $5 00. Address post paid $10 00.

PICTORIAL NEWSPAPERS, etc. *T. B. Peterson* offers at his Periodical Depot an assortment, comprising all the pictorial newspapers and other publications of that description, British and American. It was originally intended for a number in the latter place, and embellished with the best London engravings; but it will have ever been published in any periodical—full of amusement, and free from any approach to obscenity, or the coarse style of the work. The London Illustrated News and Times, and the New York Holiday Sheets, the Double Pictorial Broadsheet, and other similar works in the city, want on the the holidays are approaching. Beside these ephemerals the same publisher has for all the seasons a stock, which we bet than amusing, suggestive, and standard books bound in holiday style; and for the youngest people an assortment of little handsome affairs, the only fault with which is, that the purchaser is bewildered by the very variety and at a new plan what to choose among so many.

Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 31 and 1. *Courier and Enquirer, Herald, Tribune, Sun, Evening Post, New York. D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia. U. S. Appleton.*—The work supplies, in reasonable space, a meritorious and valuable compendium of the events on which it speaks. It differs from preceding popular histories of the Revolution, in expending more minutely the fortunes of the people of France, than their rulers; the latter breaks having been generally discussed more than the other. But, as the author well remarks, if rulers have a from from aggrievously to observation, in the case of Louis XVI. the same disposition has been made in the fall, but some of the details are objected to.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The Senate were not in session to-day. [Sun.

IN the House.—The day was spent in the reception of petitions. Two by Mr. Adams, praying the abolition of slavery in the District, and the correction of errors in the last census were received and referred. In such case an effort to lay on the table failed.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A French Phenomenon—Haydn's Creation— English Theatre in Paris—Arbitrary Writs—The Great Britain Steamer—Wonderful Effects of Gunpowder—Persecution of Jews in Cairo, and of Greeks in Constantinople—Russian Tyranny—Victoria's Last Birth-day visit the Garter—Fashions—Tuggianis—&c. &c.

Bristol, England, Nov. 8, 1844.

I never remember to have seen so little of general news as at the present time. The same complaint, I perceive, is made on the other side of the Atlantic, and the death of Mr. Polk will prove that it really difficult to fill their Journals. There is one phenomenon, and one only, which they can boast of—the extraordinary long duration of the Grand Minority—four years—an extraordinary length, indeed, for a Chief Magistrate. Hope must have been tried for having distributed, during the last three years, signs and symbols favourable to the duration of Mr. Polk's power, based on the cession of its representative, Henry V., to the throne. The Police found a regular manufactory of white lilies, and of bees, destined for ornament of the coronation gown; publications of the vast Tuileries furniture no longer monopolizes the market for the produce of Hybla, or Hymettus; but another nest hive unlone, uniform with those that were to be placed.

THUS—ACT—PLAY. It is filled with good advice and happy turns of phrase, and is well constructed. The three, separate or together, will make excellent offerings of Christmas or New Year's gifts, and well worth remembrances.

THE HISTORY OF ROME. *By G. S. Hosmer. Translated by J. F. Hurst, M. A. and Conway Thirlwall, M. A. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.*—The excellence of this work, and the high character of the author of the History of Rome that has ever been written, is to be considered as a guarantee for the translation, three of which have been issued. It is truly gratifying to notice that such a work is popular enough in this country to call for the encouragement given to publications of this cast. Thompson Lounger no longer monopolizes the market for the produce of Hybla, or Hymettus; but another nest hive unlone, uniform with those that were to be placed. The work is popular, the arrangement is clear, and the mechanical execution of the work is very well will of such a character as to leave the book in the n—l of all.

RELIGIOUS LIGHT. *By Rev. Joseph Jones. New York. Harper.*—This is a selection from various writers—all brief, and all, as we think, of a highly interesting and excellent. It is got up in a style, exceedingly neat as usual.

THOMSON ANDREW FLEURY, published in London by the Religious Tract Society, and for sale in this city by Rockfield. This is truly a most excellent work, and must have found a language to the English reader most little volume, uniform with those that were to be placed

From the Magazines.

THE RUINED HUMAN DWELLING.

FROM HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

I mourn this spot in last week's blame,
This ruined human dwelling;
When in we found there was no flame
Made brighter with cheerful candle;
I thought of laughter and knightly mirth
Through many a country quarter,
No wrong left unredressed on earth—
No kindness wanting shelter.
I then would know of nothing sad,
Of nothing but of pleasure;
Of nothing in knowledge of
Of nothing but of pleasure;
To me did not pour the vapour
A sun like warm, a bright career,
The glad life does everything
A moon, a sun, whose love and truth —
In the constancy of truth.
I and the ruined dwelling.

Love's young, I guess, in mischief's prime
A fair fool will we parel it,
And in our wilful wantonness
At brightness, that endureth it.
Both thought it an invasion from mixed skies
Of sunshine and of showers,
For you stood on it from our eyes
A heaven of sweet flowers.
We raided at lovers how contented,
Of laughter's locus of revels
Of beauty long here suffering wrong;
So could have destroyed.
How well her hand in mine! her step
Love's courage to unwieldly!
Love's courage, brave, surrounding!
The pair by my person charmed
All brightened and unconcerned,
How very light to us appeared
The darkest human sorrows!
Our life is now and forever, wage
For rules of fancy's-a-ling;
Oh what a world of joys and hope,
We read this ruined dwelling!

In the dark home of olive days,
Autumnal time tarrying
I gathered where a mouse's youth's golden rays,
Through this sad house came in,
Through this sad house came in,
To my poor life its central ray,
And unto me the material grace
Of the light gleam of trembling
The old gray walls of trembling strength,
It seemed as it were self!
With memorial joy consecrate—
Oh, sacred be the spot!
Where I, my heart in white and
Where never more tears
The vows of our light were plied,
Beloved with deeper glory
More all its sins, and bless and cold,—
And truth, and truth, is telling,
"Thou could lost grace in this sad place,
This ruined human dwelling.

From the Journals.

SIMON SAWLEY'S SHILLING

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

On a sunny hill side, sloping down to one of our lovely English rivers, stands a small village, looking so still and secluded, that none would imagine that the greater part of its inhabitants are weavers, employed in a silk mill a little higher up the river. How it has preserved its primitive rural appearance, it is difficult to say — perhaps the decree of the above mentioned mill, struck by the picturesque beauty of its rustical cottages, followed the example of the original inhabitants, and built similar ones for its workpeople for the hillside. It dotted over with cottages of every variety, from among which rises the taper spire of the village church, surrounded by its quiet burial ground. There is, however, one exception to the general aspect of the village. At the foot of the hill is one row of cottages, facing the river, with their flower-plots in front, shaded by the water's edge, and larger gardens behind, divided from each other by thick thorn hedges. In one of the cleanest of these cottages with the largest garden and best stocked garden, there lived, at the time I knew Westleigh, a certain Simon Sawley, or rather, to designate more correctly, I should say a certain Mrs Simon Sawley, for here, as in more authentic tree once, the residence was always so designated in the village. Simon was a well-disposed, good natured, inoffensive sort of man — a good hand at his work; but not celebrated for great power of intellect or strength of mind. His wife was a pretty little woman, with soft brown eyes, a fine clear complexion, a neat compact figure, and mild expression of countenance. Their union was sweet and blessed in its issue, and, to judge from appearances, you would have pronounced her the meekest and gentlest of her sex. But, alas! appearances are generally deceitful — a truth to which, to our sorrow, we can all testify; but none with more reason than poor Simon. Martha Sawley, to use her own phrase, "was not a woman to be put upon by anybody;" which meant, that she was a woman who would have her own way in spite of everybody. In fact, like many other people, a good-natured man, who possessed that unconquerable constancy that neither entreaties nor threats can move to submission. She never scolded, she rarely lectured, but quietly and steadily pursued the chief purpose of her soul, regardless alike of the wishes or remonstrances of others. If ever it happened that she met with more than usual opposition, she would assume an air of a deeply injured person, and on other occasions, to which admirable object to speak, answer in a sullen fit, from which nothing short of the most entire submission to her would rouse her. It was rarely, indeed, that honest Simon refused upon anything like opposition. Although not possessed of an extraordinary determination of character, he had a considerable share of firmness, he had learned, from experience, that in general it was the wisest course to pursue, and to avoid a contest which must end in total rout. There was, however, one point upon which, though he no more thought of resisting submission, he secretly indulged in feelings of a rebellious and independent nature. Mrs Simon insisted that he should every Saturday night come to her the whole of his week's wages, without any deduction whatever. This, of course, was quite right, and what every good husband does, or ought to do; but this was not all: she would not allow him even a single penny out even on the occasion of a merry night with his mates. She was quite no mark, nor, as he used to say, to himself, therefore it was better not to provoke her. Besides this way, thought he, to himself, she could not see what a man, who had a good wife to preserve, everything comfortable for him could want with money. He worked hard for it, he had it by the best advantage of course; and that, in her opinion, was the sister of Providence.

One early evening towards the latter end of spring, Simon was busy in his garden. It happened that he was occupied near the hedge which divided his tenements from those of his next neighbor. As he most remarkable man Simon had his eccentricities, one of which was a habit, every day of diligently weeding his bed of indulging in audible soliloquy, and as it worked, he talked to the following effect — Well, it is too bad that it is, these things a-week, for after all you put, and tweak a farthing to bless myself with. Tom Jones he would not mind it, if he was my lord he means. But it's easy talking, as nothing about it; he very near, and don't know Martha. Well now, I've got — yes, here it is, safe and sound. Ah! a shilling, I have a shilling that's more than nothing about." And after this fashion he ran on for some minutes, he put a shilling into his pocket, which he buttoned carefully up, and then he wandered off, and, after patting it several times to make sure there was no mistake about it, to the bottom of one pocket, he resumed his work with great self-complacency. It is certainly odd that about this same time, a neighbor, who was also busy in his garden, should have been overheard by a passer-by to make use of the following soliloquy, which, as it was uttered in a tone of voice that was meant to be heard, and addressed to the very person who did hear it, was probably intended for the benefit of the latter. "Ah, many